

Colgate VIII.b WEBB





C

H. A.

TRIO

BAIYAT

OR

TRIO

ODAR

IKAY

YAD

**CRANS
LACED**

**BY EDWARD
FITZGERALD.**

WANE for the
SUN that scat
ters into flight
The STARS

before him from the

A field of Night & rives

Night along with them
from Heav'n, & strikes

The Sultan's Garret in
a Noose of Light.

Before the phantom of
rage & Morning died,

Methought a Voice within
the Gaueyn cried,

When all the Temple is
prepared within,

Why nods the Drowy Wor
shipper outside?"

And, as the Clock crew, those
who stood before

The Tavern shouted

"Open then the Door!

You know how little while
we have to stay,

And, once departed, may
return no more."

Now the New Year Rejoic
ing old Desires,

The thoughtfull Sout to Soli
tude Retires,

Where the White Hand
of Moses on the Bough

puts out, and Jesus from
the Ground suspires.

Lam indeed is gone with
all his **R**ose.

And **L**amshg's **S**eu'n-ringed

Cup where no one knows;

But still a **R**ubg kindles in
the **V**ine,

And many a **G**arden by the
Water blows.

And **D**avid's lips are locked;
but in divine

Digh-piping **P**etiteu, with **W**ine!

Wine! **W**ine!

Red **W**ine!" the nightin-
gale cries to the **R**ose

That sallow cheek of hers to
incarnadine.

Come fill the **C**up, and in the
fire of **S**pring

Your **W**inter-garment of **R**e-
pentance fling:

The **B**ird of **T**ime has but
a little way

To flutter and the
Bird is on the **W**ing.

Whecher at **N**aishapur or **B**a-
bylon,

Whecher the **C**up with sweet or
bitter run,

The **W**ine of **L**ife keeps ooz-
ing drop by drop,

The beaues of **L**ife keep fall-
ing one by one.

Each **M**orn a thousand **R**oses
brings, you say;

Yes, but where leaves the **R**ose
of **y**esterday?

And this first **S**ummer
month that brings the **R**ose

Shall take **I**amshu and **K**aiko
bad away.

Well, let it take them! **W**hat
have we to do

With **K**aikobád the **G**reat or
Kaikohosrú?

Let **Z**ál and **R**ustum bus
ter as they will,

Or **H**átim call to **S**upper
heed not you.

With me along the strip of
Herbage sown

That rust divides the desert
from the sown,

Where name of **S**áaue and
Sutáan is forgot

And **P**eace to **M**ahmúd on his
golden throne

A **B**ook of **V**erses underneath
the **B**ough,

A **J**ug of **W**ine & **L**oaf of
Bread and **T**hou

Beside me singing in the
Witderness —

O Witderness were Para
=dise enow!

Some for the Stories of this
Worlde, and some

Sigh for the Prophets Para
=dise to come,

Ah take the Cash, and let
the Credit go,

Nor heed the rumble of a dis
=tant Drum!

Look to the blowing Rose ab
out us —

Laughing, she says, "into the
worlde I blow

At once the sitken cassel
of my Purse,

Tear, and its Treasure on
the Garden throw."

And those who husbanded the
Golden grain,

And those that flung it to the
winds like Rain,

Alike to no such creature
Earth are turn'd

As buried once, **W**hen want dug
up again.

The World's Hope men see
their Hearts upon

Turns Ashes ——— OR
it prospers and anon,

Like snow upon the De-
sert's dusty Face,

Lighting a little hour or
two ——— is gone.

Think in this batter'd
Caravanserai

Whose Portals are alter-
nate Night and day,

How **S**ultán after **S**ultán
with his **P**omp
Abode his destined **H**our, &
went his way.

They say the **L**ion and the
Lizard keep

The **C**ourts where amshéd
gloried and drank deep:

And whráim, that great
Hunger — the wild **A**ss
Stamps oer his **H**ead, but can
not break his **S**teep.

Isometimes think that
neuer blows so red
the **R**ose as where some
buried **C**aesar bled;
That euer **H**gacinch the
Garden wears

Dropt in her **L**ap from some
once Louet's **H**ead.

And this Reuiving **H**erb
whose tender **G**reen
edges the **R**iver-**L**ip on
which we lean —

Oh, lean upon it tightly!
For who knows

From what once loveth **L**ip
it springs unseen!

Oh, my **B**eloued, fill the **C**up
that clears

Today of past **R**egrets
Future **F**ears:

Tomorrow! — **W**hs,
Tomorrow **I** may be
Myself with **Y**esterday's
Seven thousand **Y**ears.

For some we loved, the
loveliest and the best

That from his **V**intage roll
=ing **T**ime hath prest,

Have drunk their **C**up
a **R**ound or two before,
And one by one crept silent-
ly to rest.

And we that now make
merry in the **R**oom
they left, & **S**ummer dress-
es in new bloom,

Oursetues must we be-
neath the **C**ouch of **E**arth
Descend — oursetues to
make a **C**ouch — for whom?

Oh make the most of what
we get may spend,
Before we too into the **D**ust
descend;

Dust into **D**ust & under
Dust to lie,

Sans **W**ine, sans **S**ong, sans
Singer, and — sans end!

Alike for those who for
to-day prepare,

And those that after some
to-morrow stare,

A Muzzin from the **to**w-
er of **D**arkness cries,

Foots! your reward is neich-
er **h**ere nor **th**ere."

Why, all the **S**aints and
Sages who discuss'd

Of the two **W**orlds so wise
to . . . they are thrust

Like foolish **P**rophets
forth, their **W**ords to **S**corn

Are scatter'd & their **M**ouths
are stop't with **d**ust.

Mgset: when young did ea-
gerly frequent

Doctor and **S**aint, & heard
great argument

About it and about: but
evermore,
Came out by the same **D**oor
where in **I** went.

With them the **S**eed of **W**is
dom did **I** sow,

And with mine own **H**and
wrought to make it grow;

And this was all the **H**ar
vest that **I** reap'd —

I came like **W**ater, & like
Wind **I** go"

Into this **U**niverse, & **W**hy
not knowing

FOR **W**hence; like water
wiltg-niltg flowing;

And out of it, as **W**ind
along the **W**aste;

I know not **W**hither
wiltg-niltg blowing.

What, without asking, hither
hurried **WHENCE?**

And without asking, **WHITHER**
hurried hence!

O many a **C**up of this for-
bidden **W**ine.

Must drown the memory of
that insolence!

Up from **E**arth's **C**entre
through the **S**eventh **G**ate-
Rose, and on the **T**hrone
of **S**aturn sat;

And many a knot unrav-
el'd by the **R**oad

But not the **M**aster-knot
of **H**uman **F**ate.

There was the **D**oor to
which **I** found no key;

There was the **V**eil through
which **I** might not see:

Some little talk awhile
of **me** and **thee** ;
There was — and then no
more of **thee** & **me**

Earth could not answer; nor
the **S**eas that mourn

In flowing **P**urple, of their
Lord portorn;

Nor rolling **H**eaven, with
all his **S**igns reveal'd

And hidden by the steeps of
Night and **M**orn.

Then of the **thee** in
me who works behind

The **V**eil, **I** lifted up my hands
to find

A Lamp amid the **D**ark-
ness; and **I** heard,

As from **W**ithout "The **me**
within **thee** blind!"

Then to the **L**ip of this
poor earthen **U**rn

I lea'n'd, the **S**ecret of my
Life to learn:

And **L**ip to **L**ip it mur-
mur'd — **W**hite you live

Drink! — for once dead,
you never shall return.

I think the **V**essel, that
with fugitive

Articulation answer'd, once
did live,

And drink; and **A**h! the
passive **L**ip **I** kiss'd,

How many kisses might it
take — and give!

For **I** remember stopping
by the way

To watch a **P**otter thump-
ing his wet **C**lad:

And with its alt.-obliterated
Tongue.

It mumbled ——— Gently
Brother, gently pray!

And has not such a Story
from of Old

Down Man's successive gene-
rations rolled

Of such a clod of satura-
ted Earth

Cast by the Maker into
Human Mould?

And not a drop that from
our Cups we throw

For Earth to drink of, but
may steal below

To quench the fire of An-
guish in some eye

There hidden ——— far be-
neath and long ago.

As then the **L**ip for her
morning sup

Of **H**eaue'nly **V**intage from
the soil looks up,

So you deuoutly do the like,
till **H**eaue'n

To **E**arth inuert you — like
an empty **C**up.

Perplexed no more with **H**u-
man or **D**iuine,

Tomorrow's tangle to the
winds resign,

And lose your fingers in
the tresses of

The **C**yprian-stender **M**inis-
ter of **W**ine.

And if the **W**ine you drink,
the **L**ip you press,

And in what **A**ll begins and
ends in — **Y**es;

Think then you are **TO**
DAY what **YESTERDAY**
You were — **TOMORROW**
you shall not be less.

So when that **A**nge^l of the
Darker **D**rink
At last shall find you by the
River-brink,
And offering his **C**up, in-
uite your **S**oul
Aforth to your **L**ips to quaff
— you shall not shrink.

Why if the **S**oul can fling
the **D**ust aside,
And naked on the **A**ir of
Heaven ride,
Werēt not a **S**hame —
werēt not a **S**hame for him
In this clag **C**arcass crippled
to abide?

This but a **T**ent where takes
his one day's rest

A Sultan to the Realm of
Death address;

The **S**ultan rises, & the
dark **F**errash

Strikes, and prepares it
for another **G**uest.

And fear not lest **E**xist-
ence closing your

Account & mine, should know
the like no more

The **E**ternal **S**aki from
that **B**owl has pour'd

Millions of **B**ubbles like us,
and will pour.

When **Y**ou and **I** behind the
Veil are past,

Ah, but the long long white
the **W**orld shall last,

Which of our **C**oming &

Departure heeds

As the **S**ea's self should heed
a pebble-cast.

A Moment's **H**at — a
momentary taste —

Of **B**EING from the **W**ell
amid the **W**aste.

And **L**o! — the phantom
Caravan has reach'd

The **N**OTHING it set out
from — **O**h make haste!

Could you that spangle of
Existence spend

About the **S**ECRET —
quick about it **F**riend!

AN air perhaps divides the
False and **T**RUE —

And upon what, pricee, may
Life depend?

A hair perhaps divides the
False and True;
Yes; and a single **Alif** were
the clue —

Could you but find it —
to the Treasure-house
And peradventure to the
MASTER too;

Whose secret **PRESENCE**
through CREATIONS veins
Running **QUICKSILVER**-like
eludes your pains;
Taking all shapes from
MAH to **MAHI**; and
They change and perish all
— but **HE** remains;

A moment guess'd — then
back behind the **HOT**
Immense of **DARKNESS**
round the **DRAMA** roll'd

Which, for the **P**astime
of **E**ternity,
He doth **H**imselfe concriue,
enactt, behold.

Bat it in uain, down on the
stubborn floor

Of **E**arth & up to **H**eavens
unopening **D**oor,

You gaze **T**oday, while
You are **Y**ou — how then
Tomorrow, you shalt
be **Y**ou no more —

Waste not your **H**our, nor
in the uain pursuit

Of **T**his and **T**hat endea-
uour and dispute

Better be iocund with
the fruitful **G**rape
Chanc sadden after none,
or bitter **F**ruit.

2
You know my **F**riends, with
what a brave **C**arouse

I made a **S**econd **M**arriage
in my house

Divorced old barren **R**ea-
son from my **B**ed,

And took the **D**aughter of
the **V**ine to **S**pouse.

For **I**s and **I**s **N**ot though
with **R**ate and **L**ine

And **U**p and **D**own by **L**ogic

I define

Of all that one should
care to fathom.

Was never deep in anything
but

Oh, but my **C**omputations
People say,

Reduced the **Y**ear to bitter
reckoning?

Twas only striking from
the **C**alendar

Unborn **T**omorrow & dead
Yesterday.

And loathly by the **C**avern
Door agape,

Came shining through the
Dusk an **A**ngel **S**hape
Bearing a **V**essel on his
Shoulder; and

He bid me taste of it; and
t'was — the **G**rape

The **G**rape that can with
Logic absolute

The **T**wo and **S**eventy iarr
ing **S**ects confute:

The **S**overeign **A**lchemist
that in a trice

Life's leaden metal into **G**old
transmute: : 9 9 9 9 9 9 9

The mighty **M**ahmud, **A**llah
breathing Lord,

That all the misbelieving &
black **H**orde

Of **F**ears and **S**orrows
that infest the **S**oul

Scatters before him with
his whirlwind **S**word.

Why, be this **T**uice the growth
of **G**od, who dare

BlaspHEME the twisted ten-
=DRIL as a **S**NAKE?

A **B**lessing we should use
it, should we not?

And if a **C**URSE — why,
then, **W**ho set it there?

I must abjure the **B**alm
of **L**ife, **I** must,

Scared by some **A**FTER-RECK-
=oning ta'en on trust,

2
OR lured with **H**ope of
some **D**iuine **D**rink,
To fill the **C**up — when
crumbled into **D**ust!

O threats of **H**ell & hopes
of **P**aradise!

One thing at least is cer-
tain — this **L**ife flies;

One thing is certain
& the rest is **L**ies;

The **F**lower that once has
blown for ever dies.

Strange is it not, that of
the myriads who

Before us pass'd the door
of darkness through

Not one returns to tell
us of the **R**oad,

Which to discover we must
travel too.

The Revelations of **D**e
vout and **L**earned

Who rose before us, and
as **P**rophets burn'd,

Are all but **S**tories
which awake from **S**leep

Until they told their **C**omrades
to **S**leep return'd.

I sent my **S**oul through
the **I**nvincible

Some letter of that **A**fter
life to spell

And by and by my **S**oul re-
turned to me

And answered **I** **M**yself
am **H**ear'n and **H**ell

Hear'n but the **V**ision of fut-
fitted **D**esire

And **H**ell the **S**hadow from
a **S**oul on fire

Cast on the **D**arkness
into which **O**ursettes,
So late emerged from, shall
so soon expire.

We are no other than a
moving Row

Of **M**agic **S**hadow-shapes
that come and go

Round with the **S**un-illu-
mined **L**antern held

In **M**idnight by the **M**aster
of the **S**how

But helpless **P**ieces of the
Game **H**e plays

Upon this **C**hequer-board of
Nights and **D**ays

Hither & thither moves,
and checks and stags,

And one by one, back in the
Closet lays.

The **B**all no question makes
of **A**ges and **N**oes,

But **h**ere or **h**ere as
strikes the **P**layer goes,

And **h**e that toss'd you
down into the **H**ield,

he knows about it all **h**e knows **h**e knows.

The **M**oving **F**inger writes
and having writ,

Moves on: nor all your **P**ie-
ty nor all your **W**it

Shall take it back to can-
cel half a **L**ine,

Nor all your **G**ears wash
out a **W**ord of it.

And that inverted **B**owt
they call the **S**ky,

Whereunder crawling coop'd
we live & die,

Lift not your hands to
It for help — for It
As impotently moves as you
or I.

With Earth's first day they
did the Last Man knead,

And there of the Last Har-
vest sowed the Seed;

And the first Morning of
Creation wrote

What the Last Dawn of Rec-
-oning shall read.

Yesterday, this day's
madness did prepare;

Tomorrow's Silence, Tri-
umph, or Despair:

Drink! for you know not
whence you came nor whither;

Drink! for you know not whither
you go nor where.

Tell you this — **W**hen,
started from the **G**oat,
Ouer the flaming shoulders
of the **F**loat.

Or **H**ear'n **P**ourwin and
Mushicari theg stung,
In my predestined **P**lot of
Dust and **S**oul.

The **V**ine had soruck a fibre
which about

If clings my **B**eing — **L**et
the **D**eruish float;

Of my **B**ase **M**etal may
be filed a keg,

That shall unlock the **D**oor
he howls without.

And this **I** know: whether
the one **T**ruer **L**ight

Kinde to **L**oue or **W**raich
consume me quite,

One flash of **I**t within
the **G**auern caught
Better than in the **G**empe
lost outright.

What! out of senseless
Nothing to prouoke
Aconscious **S**omething to
resent the goke
Of unpermitted **P**lea-
sure, under pain
Of everlasting **P**enalties
if broke!

What! from his helpless
Creature be repaid
Pure **G**od for what he
lent him dross allag'd
Sue for a **D**ebt he ne-
uer did contract
And cannot answer —
Oh the sorry trade!

Oh **G**hou, who didst with pit-
fall and with gin

Beset the **R**oad **I** was to
wander in,

Thou wilt not with **P**re-
destined **Q**uill Round

Ennmesh, and then imputeing
Fall to **S**in!

Oh **G**hou who **M**an of bas-
er **E**arth didst make,

And euen with **P**aradise de-
uise the **S**nake:

For all the **S**in where
with the **F**ace of **M**an

Is blacken'd — **M**ans for-
giueness giue — **E**take!

As under couer of depart-
ing **O**as

Stunk hanger: stricken
Ramapan awas,

Once more within the
Potter's house alone
Jstood, surrounded by
the **S**hapes of **Q**uags.

Shapes of all **S**orts and
Sizes, great & small.

That stood along the floor
and by the wall;

And some loquacious **V**es
sels were; & some

Listened perhaps, but nev-
er talked at all.

Said one among them

Surely not in vain

My substance of the com-
mon **E**arth was taken

And to this **F**igure mould-
ed, to be broke,

Or crampled back to **S**hape
less **E**arth again."

Then said a **S**econd

Neer a peevish **B**og

Would breack the **B**owl from
which he drank in iog;

And **H**e that with **H**is **H**and
the **V**essel made

Will surely not in after **W**rack
destroy.

After a momentary **S**il-
ence spake

Some **V**essel of a more un-
gaining **M**ake;

They sneer at me for lean-
ing all awry:

What! did the **H**and then of
the **P**otter shake?"

Theret at some one of the
loquacious **L**ot

I think a **S**upr **P**ipkin
waxing hot

All this of **P**ot and **P**ot
ter ~~~ **T**ell me then,
Who is the **P**otter, pray, &
who the **P**ot? "

Whis said another, "Some
there are who tell

Of one who threatens he
will toss to **H**ell ~~~

The luckless **P**ots he
marr'd in making - **P**ish!

He's a **G**ood **F**ellow, and
'twill all be well." ~~~

Well" murmured one, **L**et
whoso make or buy

Ms **C**rag with long **O**btusion
is gone dry: ~~~

But fill me with the old
familiar **J**uice, ~~~

Methinks **I** might **R**ecover
by and by" ~~~

So white the **V**essels one
by one were speaking,

The little **M**oon look'd in that
all were seeking:

And then theylogg'd each
other, **B**ROther! **B**ROther!

Now for the **P**ORTER'S shout-
der-knot a-creaking!"

Ah, with the **G**Rape my fad-
ing **L**ife provide,

And wash the **B**ODY whence
the **L**ife has died,

And tag me, shrouded in
the living **L**EAF,

By some not unrequented
Garden-side.

That even my buried **A**shes
such a snare

Of **V**intage shall fling up
into the **A**IR

As not a **C**rue-believer
passing by
But shall be overtaken un-
aware.

Indeed, the **I**dots **I** have
loved so long
Have done my credit in
this **W**orld much wrong:

Have drowned my **G**lorie
in a shadow **C**up,

And sold my **R**eputation for
a **S**ong.

Indeed, indeed, **R**epentance
oft before

Iswore ——— but was
Isobor when **I**swore?

And then, **E** then came
Spring **&** **R**ose-in-hand

My thread-bare **P**enitence
apieces tore

And much as **W**ine has
plag'd the **I**ncioet,

And robb'd me of my **R**obe
of **H**onour — **W**ell,

I wonder often what the
Vintners buy

One half so precious as
the **S**tuff they sell.

Yet **A**h that **S**pring should
wax with the **R**ose.

That **Y**outh's sweet-scented
manuscript should close.

The **N**ightingale that in
the branches sang,

Ah whence & whither flown
again, who knows!

Could but the **D**esert or
the **M**ountain yield

One glimpse . . . if dimly,
yet indeed, revealed,

To which the painting **T**ra-
= ueller might spring, . . .
As springs the trampled
Herbage of the **F**ield!

Could but some winged **A**n-
get ere too late. . . .

Arrest the get impoised **R**ott
of **H**ate,

And make the stern **R**e-
= corder otherwise

Enregister, or quite obliterate!
=

Ah **L**oue! could you and **I**
with **H**im conspire

To grasp this sorry scheme
of **T**hings entire, . . .

Would we not shatter it
to bits ——— **E**then

Re-mould it nearer to the
Hearts **D**esire! . . .

Yon rising **M**oon that took's
for us again —

How oft hereafter will she
wax & wane;

How oft hereafter ris-
ing took for us

Through this same **G**arden
— & for **ONE** in vain.

And when like her, oh **S**aki,
you shall pass

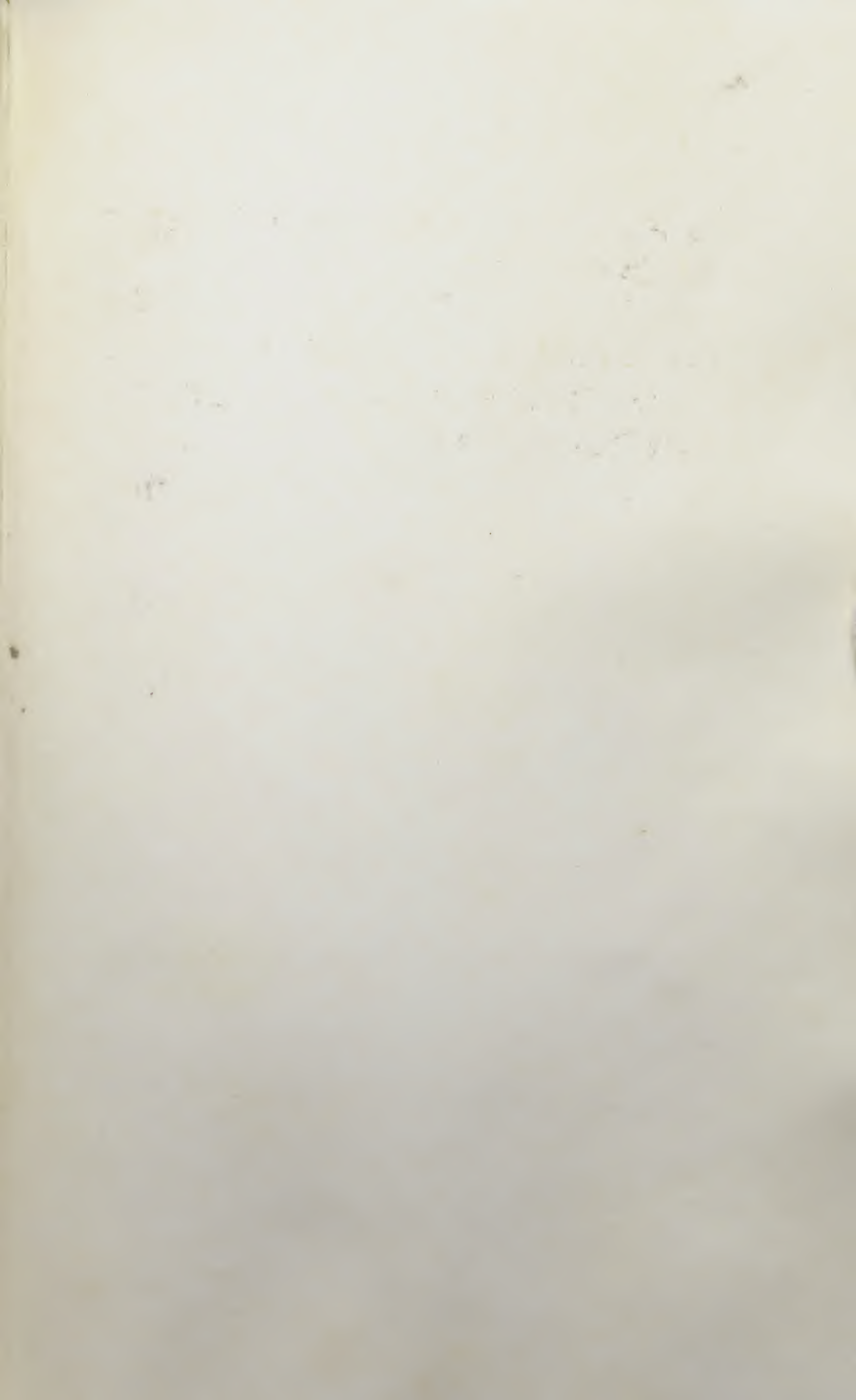
Among the **G**uests **S**tars scat-
ter'd on the **G**rass,

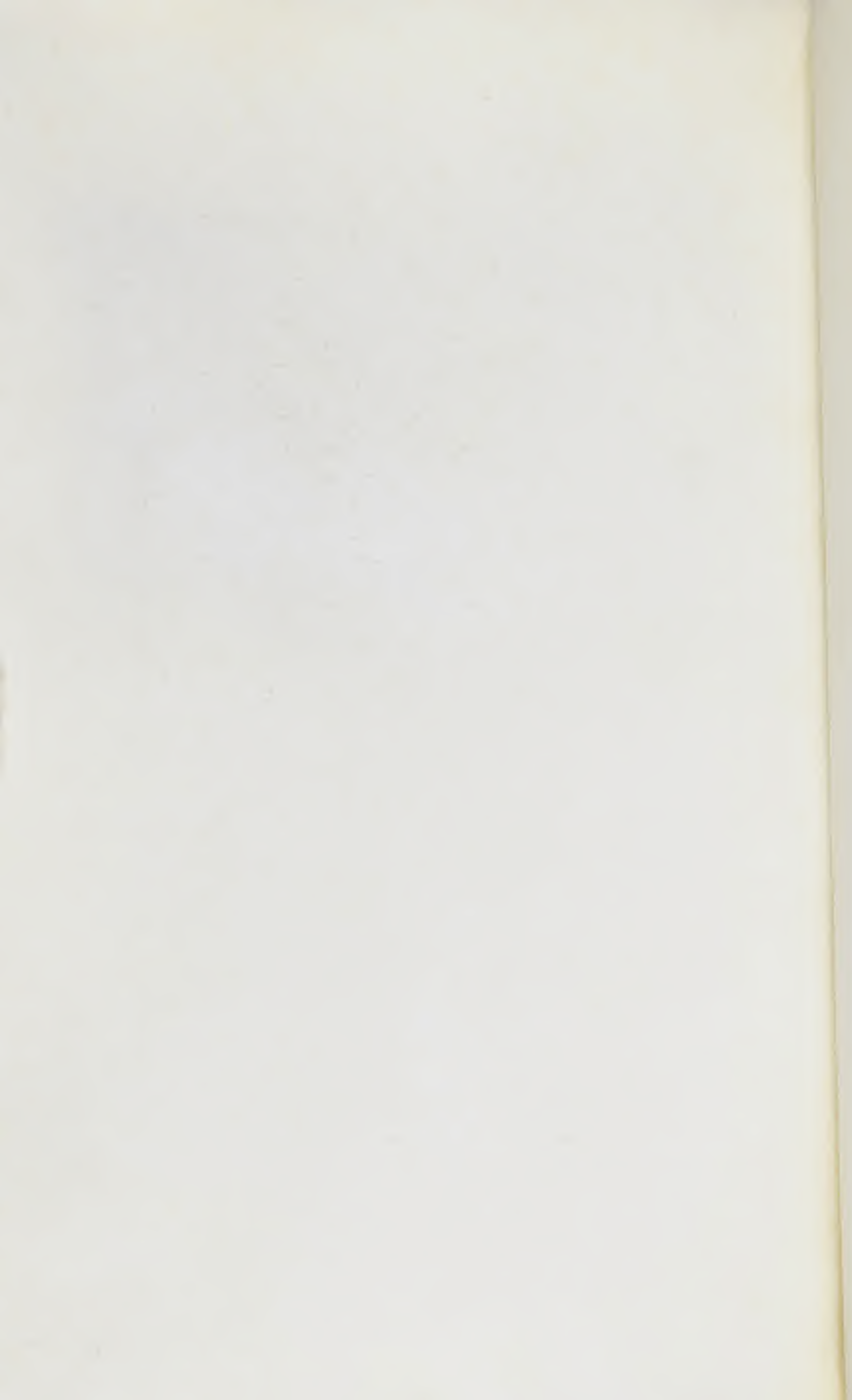
Till in your iogous errand
reach the **S**pot

Where **I** made **ONE** — turn
down an empty **G**lass!

GAMÁN.

The • ENDO
of the RUBAIYAT
of OMAR KHAYYAM
TRANSLATED by EDW.
FITZGERALD. WRITTEN
AND ILLUMINATED by
HESSIE D. WEBB. FIN-
ISHED, OCTOBER 1906







R004145

Cac
for Diller
V. 12

